



VOL. IX.]

Saturday, September 2.....1809.

[NO. 19.]

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

(Continued.)

THE COUNT D—— TO LOUIS —.

Camp, near Marburg, Sept. 1760.

POH! dear cousin, don't be offended! So near the steeple, at the foot of which resides a charming girl, who melted into tears when a young fellow was obliged to take the field: such a scene is so affecting, that I shall never hear the last of your banter. In writing we introduce touches of nature before we are aware. These are the consequences of long letters. But so much is true, that in all France there is not a girl whom sensibility and the colour of heroic virtue would become more than Henrietta. With respect to her, you may think as you please; you may even consider me to be a love-sick fool; I shall not take the trouble to contradict you. Salute my mother, and inform her that the war is at an end for this year. Tell my good friend Risot, that my uncle lately proposed me to all the officers, as a pattern of morality. He will rejoice at it. I was forced to fight a couple of duels, to prove

to my comrades that I was not quite such a saint as they supposed. What a stupid world, in which a man is obliged to fight because his morals are pure! The Chevalier —— advised me, in order to retrieve my character, to appear a few times in public with a *fille de joye*. Such things you see, are done a finger's breadth from the grave. Adieu. You shall soon hear from me again.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

O—, near Marburg, Dec. 1760.

As you please, my good cousin! Every one follows his occupations, from the minister to the porter. Do you stick to yours, and insert your witticisms at my expence in the *Mercure*. But that you may know in what important business I am engaged, I will explain it clearly in three words. I am sitting beside Henrietta, and fastening gilded almonds and raisins to a large bush of box-tree, intended as a Christmas present to a little girl of her acquaintance. If this appears ludicrous to you, my very sapient cousin, just turn to our satirists, and see whether they regard the blue ribbon and the marshal's *baton*, which your ambition

decree's me, as any thing superior to gilded almonds and raisins. The only difference consists in this, that a child sacrifices nothing at all for its pleasures, that they are not embittered by envy, and that their enjoyment is consequently more pure. Tell the minister, the Duc de ———, and every one else who wishes to know it, that in the humour in which I am at present, I could twist the blue ribbon round the box-bush without a moment's hesitation.

You may say, what you will, but Henrietta is right; "woe to the heart which has never felt that all the ribbons, and all the dignities of the earth are of no value?" But to proceed—You wish to know what I am doing, and what I intend to do; for, in your opinion, my letter from O—— does not afford room to expect much good. My dear friend, I should wish both of us to know on what footing we stand with each other. Therefore a word or two first on that subject. It would not be difficult for you to interrupt me here in my pleasures. You might cause me to be called home, and if I refused to comply, I need only be put under arrest. You might—I tremble when I reflect on all you might do. Now, you have a will of your own; and I, for my part, am firmly resolved to have one for myself. You shall be acquainted with what I am doing; but now, my dear cousin, let me remind you of our juvenile friendship. You, dear Louis, you

I will employ to guard my felicity. On you I can rely. Could you disappoint my most solemn hopes?

I love Henrietta, and she loves me. But I beg of you to consider the word *love* as signifying the most sacred passion of the human mind, an inexplicable sensation, an irresistible torrent of immortal life which rushes through the soul. I love the dear creature with an affection that appears surprising to myself. How shall I express myself that you may not laugh at me! But laugh as much as you please; I shall never be able to tell you what I feel.

I returned to O——, and she received me with sincere joy. But let me pass over the moments which my depraved heart could still profane! Now commenced a life!—O! what may not man become, if he will be only a man! I was inseparable from the girl. When I approached nearer to the magic circle of her virtues—virtues so humble, so unobserved, and yet so sublime; when I first became acquainted with a heart which had never been accustomed to disguise, when I perceived the noble, independent, and delicate sentiments of her mind, which were gradually developed in our winter evening's conversations, I no longer loved her as before; she was the first female that I respected, and from this respect proceeded love. I now understood what she told me a year before: "in Germany they love." I loved her

without telling her so ; she loved me in return, and yet the word "love" has never escaped our lips.

My education has given me a twofold sense of honour. I am a Frenchman, and never will I bring disgrace upon that name. My mother and Risot inspired my heart with an aversion to all vices ; I now thank them for it. They made me a good citizen ; I hated vice. Henrietta has made me a man ; she has taught me to love virtue. You will smile and smile again, but so it is.

What do I intend to do ? This singular question I have already asked myself a hundred times without being able to answer it. If I do what I ought—but your concurrence I should expect in vain. Enough of that ! The question has long since been answered in my heart, in nature. What I will do is already decided ; what I shall, time will shew. Yet in a few months, perhaps, the ball of one of Henrietta's brave countrymen, or an English sabre, will resolve this question, to the satisfaction of all ; and—what may appear the most extraordinary to you, I frequently look forward with an ardent desire to such a solution of the great question. Meanwhile I am sitting here, preparing a Christmas present for the child ; looking every hour at a dress of Brussels point, intended for Henrietta, and asking myself, will it likewise afford her pleasure ?

If Henrietta should acquiesce in my intention, it shall be accomplished—do whatever you please. There are countries to which the omnipotent arm of the minister does not reach, and should it even pursue me thither ; should persecution here destroy my happiness, still there is a region, beyond whose dark bourn the power of man cannot be extended. There will I seek a refuge. After one hour spent in Henrietta's arms, what then is death !—I write with tears in my eyes, and an irrevocable determination in my heart.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

O—, January 1761.

You ridicule my conversion, as you express yourself, and request me to include you in my prayers. Dear Louis, what then is this life ? Imagine but for a moment the French throne overturned, the order of nobility annihilated ; will not the man be still left ? If no places, no ribbons, no honours, no governments existed, what would then constitute the felicity of men ? The very object of your ridicule—love, domestic happiness. And if these constitute domestic felicity, are they deserving of ridicule ? Are the wise men of all nations, the poets and philosophers, all without exception, impudent liars, for having unanimously characterized conjugal and parental affection, innocence and virtue, as the happiness of mankind ? Or is the courtier the only philosopher, that

knows wherein human happiness consists?—he whose heart is constantly convulsed with envy and jealousy, ambition, and fear?—he who has so often resorted to crimes, poison, and the dagger, to lust and servile adulation, as his weapons, and has made them the sources of his felicity?

Only answer these questions. But let me beg you to spare your common-place observations upon honour, family greatness, splendor, ancestry, &c. You charge me with delusion. Granting that it is but delusion, is your felicity any more? Place yourself with the blue ribbon, the marshal's baton, and the Bourbons for your ancestors, among the savages on the Ohio, and you would resign all your lofty pretensions for a handful of maize. But transport yourself with a beloved female to whatever clime you please, love will always remain love. If it be illusion, it is the illusion of nature, of heaven, and of my heart; its consequence is virtue, and its reward content. And what then is your greatness? A ribbon, a truncheon, a title, a list of names, to which your ambition and vanity attach an imaginary consequence. If I be deluded, it shall be by nature, happiness, and virtue, because I am a man.

You cannot comprehend how I have been induced to change my principles! Good God! I had been educated in the prejudices of

my rank: that is all. I was a young simpleton, a vain fool, who indulged in dreams of ambition, because I was unacquainted with the felicity that is bestowed on man—a blind creature, who had no idea of the light of heaven, and is now endowed with the gift of sight. I open my eyes to its magic influence, gaze around in astonishment, and sink down with transport; and one of my blind associates calls out to me—"Illusion! nothing but illusion!—Why have you abandoned your principles?"—"Because I learned to see."

"A sentimental beauty," you continue, "a pretty girl—fye, what a shame!—has converted you!" I smile. Be it as you say. A falling apple taught Newton the law which impels the worlds in their spheres. Shall we deny its truth because he was taught it by the fall of an apple, and not by the fall of a world? On which side is the truth? that is the only question. What is my intention? you again ask. I intreat you to ask me no more; for, let me tell you, only for the sake of giving you an answer, I could resolve to do what I have left to time to accomplish. Let peace be made, and then I will reply. Meanwhile, farewell.

RISOT TO COUNT D——.

Paris, Jan. 1761.

Trembling I take up the pen, my dear Count. Your cousin has

shewn me your letters, and has made me the umpire in your dispute ; you have no common-place to fear from me ; recollect that I educated you, that I loved you, and strove as much as possible to make you a man. You are right upon the whole, dear Count ; there is no greater felicity than that which love, domestic pleasures, and virtue procure ; and you are already acquainted with my sentiments concerning ancestry and honours. Here however the question does not relate to you, but to the female of whom you are enamoured. In spite of your family, you intend to give your hand to the object of your affection ; that cannot be done without difficulty, and is, perhaps, utterly impossible. You have resolved, too, very naturally to wait ; but meanwhile you kindle in the heart of the girl a passion of a different nature from yours. Supposing, dear Count, what might easily happen, that while you are waiting, your passion should cool. The prejudices of your youth acquire new vigour, because they are juvenile prejudices ; a prejudice which is forcibly suppressed, is not, on that account, extinguished. Believe this from a man who, for twenty years, has been struggling with the superstition of his infancy, without being able entirely to subdue it. As your love becomes colder, your ambition will gain strength. Your love has now gained the victory over your ambition ; will not your ambition, then, in its turn, obtain the

superiority over your love ? You now find motives for silencing all the claims which your family, your country, and your imagination prefer to you ; and then you will not be at a loss for reasons for rejecting those of love and constancy. Believe me, the heart, even of the most virtuous man, is the most arrogant sophist. A man must not, if he can avoid it, undertake any duty which he is incapable of fulfilling ; and this would be your case. You were educated in the ideas of ambition ; the prejudices of your rank are impressed upon all your thoughts, and all your sentiments. At present these prejudices are silent, but they will not always remain so. In this case, only cast your eyes on the girl ; she was educated for love, for domestic happiness, and knows no other virtue, no other felicity, than constant affection ; and indeed almost the whole sex is educated for this virtue, this felicity. Examine the register of the unfortunate, who have lost their reason ; ambition brought the men, and love reduced the women to that deplorable situation. This is perfectly natural ; for, in women, love is the most powerful passion, and in men, ambition.

If, therefore, your ambition should be roused ; if you should find motives for deserting the girl, and the poor creature, who knows and requires nothing but love, should be obliged to sacrifice the only happiness of her life ! O,

dear Count ! I hope—I know you shudder at this idea.

I will point out the virtue which reason and humanity demand of you, and for which alone you have—you must have strength. Your passion is yet only in its infancy ; you have not yet declared your love to the girl, and it still appears impossible to her that she should ever possess you. Leave her, she will shed tears, but not be unhappy ; only deception in love is productive of unhappiness. She will forget you, and enjoy felicity on the bosom of a virtuous husband. In your arms she probably would not. Such is the virtue which I, which humanity and reason require of you, and for which you must collect all your strength, 'This is in your power, but not that eternal love, that sacred constancy which this female's happiness would demand. Were you dependent only on yourself, dear Count, I would say to you "give her your hand, and be happy." But this, my dear pupil, is not the case ; your ambition will again revive, and rend the heart of your mistress, which you may still save if you have the courage to be virtuous. If now you possess not strength sufficient to overcome your passion, how will you be able to combat, during your whole life, your ambition, and the prejudices of rank, which will gain ground with each succeeding year ? Listen, I intreat you, to the voice of one who loves you, who loves ne-

thing in the world but you. O load not your conscience with the guilt of destroying what you considered the noblest object on earth, the happiness of this female. Yes, dear Count, I hope to see you. A letter from your mother requests leave of absence for you till the spring. Come to us, I implore you.

Your faithful

RISOR.

(To be continued.)

RULES FOR PUNNING.

(Concluded.)

DESERT.

Mr. ———. "Give every man his *deserts*." Shakespeare.

Mrs. ———. My love, shall I send you a peach ?

Mr. ———. Yes, and if it isn't a good one, I'll *impeach* your judgment.

By connivance with the Frenchman, he must offer you a pinch of Maccubani snuff, saying, he's sorry it is no better, but his Tonquin bean has lost its flavor. You then reply—Aye, I see it's one of the *has-BEENS*.

Mrs. ———. Oh ! that's too bad.

Mr. ———. Why, it's wit at a *pinch*, at any rate ; therefore it need not *make you baw—l*, as if I

had got into the wrong *box*.—
(*Turning to the boys*)—What's
Latin for goose, eh!

Boys. Brandy, papa!

Mrs. — You'll kill yourself with
that vile liquor.

Mr. — How can that be—
Isn't it *eau de vie*?

Mrs. —, at some time, must
call for the nutmeg grater—You
take it, and address your neighbour
—Sir, you are a great man, but
here is a *grater*.

The sweetmeats will be praised
of course.

Mr. —. All my wife's do-
ing. Nancy's a notable woman, I
assure you; but I'm more *not-*
able than she is, an't I, my dear?

Ladies all rise.

Mrs. —. (*Blushing*)—I
can take a hint. My dear, pray
touch the bell.

Mr. —. (*Chucking a young
lady under the chin*.)—Yes, my
love, I'll touch the *belle*.

Mrs. —. (*going*)—You
wag!

Mr. —. No, I think *you* wag,
but (*bowing*) I bow to you.

The ladies gone, gentlemen need
no instructions. They will all have
recourse to their *mother tongue*,
and the most ignorant will shine
the most. The master must be-

gin with half a dozen obscene
puns, to make himself agreeable,
and the conversation general.

THE TEA-TABLE.

Mr. —. (*Entering after all
the rest*.)—Ah! Mrs. —, what,
I see you are *at home* to a r to
night.

Boys. Pa! we've had no tea.

Mr. —. "*Sine te juvenas*."
That's wrong. It is *right* that you
should not be *left out*.

Mrs. — purposely sends a
dish of tea to a lady, without su-
gar, of which she complains.

Mr. —. (*Handing the su-
gar basin*.)—Well, ma'am, if you
don't like it, you may *lump* it.

[Miss Lucy plays on the piano
forte, but is to fail in her first at-
tempt.]

Mrs. —. (*As planned*)—
That comes of playing at sight.

Mr. —. At sight! Why,
what the deuce would come, if she
was to shut her eyes?

If any thing like serious or sen-
sible conversation should be intro-
duced, and there's no knowing
what some dull fellow may not do,
put an end to it at once, with a
pun. If he talks of war, suppose
he means the *Pun-ic* war, and say
that in your battles you are with
Livy—" *Punctum magis quam
cæsium peto hostem*." If he speaks

of the army, look archly at your wife, and say you expect soon to have a son in *arms*, &c. Now something about going into *Bedfordshire* and the land of *Nod*, will wind up what is commonly called a very pleasant day, full of wit, humour, and *répartee*. I must not forget to observe, that, if you can add any *practical jokes*, which lead to puns, and fall *at all short* of murder, the treat will be infinitely improved.

Viz. Pinch a piece out of a man's arm, to say you did not know there was any *harm*. Break his shin—that's *leg-al*. Pull away his chair when he is sitting down—you've *good ground** for it. Run your head against his—*two heads* are better than one. Overturn the milk jug on him, then he's in the *milky way*. So with the urn—then he's in *hot water*. When he hops about, say he seems in a *lamentable* way. Let the boys knock the candle into some lady's lap—this

* *Memorandum*. This joke is recommended, by the *surgeons*, for all seasons, but, in my *system*, better arranged, it will be proper to distinguish. In the *winter*, when the carpet's down, you are glad to bring that affair on the *tapis*. In the *spring*, the *earth* begins to *bear* every thing. In the *summer*, its "*summum jus*," because its "*summa injuria*," and the carpet being up, you give him *board* with a *deal* of pleasure, that's *plain*; and in the *autumn* you allude to the *fall*. Besides, what does he do in a chair—all flesh is *grass*—*hay*!

you may call a *wicked thing* &c. Intersperse these, and other such amiable pleasantries as these, and all the fools (a commanding *majority* in every *assembly* in the country) will shout for joy, extol your wit, and applaud your *ingenuity*.

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

MR. EDITOR.

You must know that, like many others, I am rather inquisitive, and in the course of my perambulations, often find enough whereon to feed my appetite. I have likewise an irresistible propensity to dealing out whatever knowledge, whether great or small, I may obtain. 'Tis a sorry passion to be sure, but every person, be they whom they may, have their "*whims and oddities*," and this being one of mine, I hope I may be allowed to indulge it. Your kindness heretofore to my friend LOON, who, comparatively speaking, (writing, I ought to say) has not half the claims, emboldens me to make a *dash* in your large octavo. The subject I mean to broach, may not, perhaps, have all the zest which I would wish to convey to your fair readers, but I feel confident that the *quidnuncs* will at least think it common fare, and as such I think they are entitled to it. Their appetites must not yet be appeased; a dish, whether good or bad, should not be served up

without the proper appendages, and therefore they will excuse me if I make them wait until I introduce the garnishing.

As aforesaid, as the men at law say, I am used to perambulating, and am by some, on said account, dubbed the "*knowing one*," but I will go farther, and assure you that I am likewise an *officious one*—upon certain occasions. It may not, however, be unimportant for you to know, in this very stage, that I am one of the "*Lazy Gray's*,"* and that this grand effort of mine (writing—speaking is tolerated, but not with volubility) may be the means of my being expelled. But the rare scene (sign I mean) which I have witnessed, must be my apology for rousing me from a *sweet* lethargy, so consonant to the *feelings* and *ease* of every individual member. To be dismissed from such a *worthy* society, would be to me the greatest *mortification* imaginable; and therefore I make this public claim to their favour and forgiveness, hoping that my appeal (this being the only transgression) may merit *due* consideration. I know, however, that my offence is unpardonable. To lift a pen, and especially to bother the pericranium, is a sin, the commission whereof, according to the rules of this *inimitable* association,

* A society, the name of which proclaims the *honor* attached to every member composing it.

entails on the perpetrator everlasting infamy and disgrace. 'Tis a crime of the deepest dye! Expulsion assuredly will be my fate! But, notwithstanding, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will "follow my own vagary," and brave the consequences. So here goes, and dame Fortune do thou assist me.

Never, never, Mr. Editor, were my faculties marshalled in such *great force* to develop any thing, as they have been to discover the meaning of the succeeding "*show-board*," affixed over the door of a house in Orange-street.

Aye, aye, exclaimed I, as I approached, certainly no less a personage than the celebrated Caleb Quotem, resides here! at least, it must be his prototype.

However, Mr. Editor, I will give you an account of my researches, from which you may judge how far I was correct. You will, I suppose, be *astonished* that I should seek information in *such places* as I have resorted to, but I will inform you that *ordinate* curiosity like mine, can there be best satisfied, as the inhabitants generally are better acquainted with every one's business than perhaps they are with their own.

My first attempt was at a *Huckster's* *detainery*, in the vicinity, where I received a great quantity of irrelevant matter, nothing to the purport of my interrogatories,

I next introduced myself in a *Cook-shop*, (to be the *gainer*, a man should have a *face*) where I obtained something in point—but not enough to satisfy me! And what Sir, think you, must have been the *shocking* state of inactivity, *damning* suspense, and all the *horrors* of which I was a prey—having enquired at *two* of the most noted *fountains*, gained little or nothing, and sources of farther solicitation apparently cut off—What think you, must have been my state of mind, in *red-hot* pursuit, thus sharpened, thus blunted? *Absolute madness*! A glimmering of hope, however, entered the *citadel*, and FORTUNE, who now and then honors me with her company, *deigned* to give my eye the oblique askance; which *grand* movement brought it in contact with a *grocery-store*. Reason resumed her empire! I came to the right-about, and marched, with all possible expedition, to attain the *summit of happiness*! I entered. Now, exulted I, I am at the *fountain head*! But how can I assail the *host*?

I have been told, and perhaps you know, Mr. Editor, that he who enters a *grocery*, is expected to call for some of the "*stimulous*." And believe me, when I assert it, that though I have a good share of brass, but not so much as to entitle me to the appellation of the "*brazen mask*," I could not even for the *skin-flint* of me—to such a height was my curiosity raised, and the fear of being thwart-

ed in my project—proceed without giving the necessary instructions, as a preliminary to farther operations.

Ground having thus been broke, after partaking with the host, I proceeded with the greatest good-humour, (I am jocular when I have a *point* to obtain) and with all the non-challenge of a "*gay monsieur*," to enquire of him if it were in his power, would he be so kind as to interpret the meaning of his (no doubt) *good* neighbour's sign, as to me it was inexplicable? "Why," says the man of *ardent* spirits, "to tell you what I do know, and to be sure that is not much, I understand that he is a DOCTOR, who cures ALL *diseases*—his wife a NURSE—takes in *washing*, and *irons* the *clothes*; and both, I presume, sell *cake* and *ale*."

Having "*topped the climax*" of my wishes—my informant being something of a wag, after sauntering a little, I conceived the *most noble* idea of *convincing* him that I was not at all deficient at what is termed "*good-joke*,"—"fine hit,"—"happily executed,"—I took *French leave*.

I believe the foregoing translation to be correct; but of this I will leave you, Mr. Editor, and your intelligent readers to judge when you see the "*show-board*."

Here it is, and I can assure you I feel agreeably relieved of the

weight which oppressed me, in communicating this notice of it to your hands. I am confident, however, as some compensation, that you will lay it before the public, who will, I hope, be as much amused, notwithstanding the anxiety it has cost me, as myself, and may, perhaps, excite the curiosity of the *old ones*, as much as the *risibilities* of the *young*.

THE SIGN.

PHILLIP, S WORD. EARBES NUSS
AN CANCER. KING'S EVLE & ALL
OTHER DISEASES. Whasing Iron-
ing Done here. cake & ale like-
wise.

The above is copied, as linguists say, *verbatim et literatim*, from the original.

As LOON is counted a wit, in the "small circle of his acquaintance," of whom I am one, I should be glad to know wherein he dissents from the preceding remarks, which I, being opinionated like himself, deem judicious.

DAUBER.

N. B. My most heartfelt felicitations to FELT, of the *animated* tribe, on his discovery of "*perpetual motion*."

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR JULY.

Opera Dress.

A round convent robe of Egyptian brown tissue, worn over a

white satin underdress, ornamented at the feet, and round the bosom and sleeves, with a broad antique lace, put on rather full, and brought to the narrowest dimensions in front of the bosom. White satin appliqué stomacher, embellished with gold lattice work, and continued in a straight line down the front of the robe to the feet. Head dress, a gold net could enclosing the hair behind, and finished in front with a Mechlin veil of uncommon delicacy, disposed in graceful negligence, so as to display the hair on the forehead, and falling over the left shoulder. Necklace and armlets composed of a single row of fine Bohemian pearl, with a topaz or diamond snap. A Grecian scarf of rich Andalusian silk happily contrasted with the colour of the robe, and wrought at the ends in a deep tuscan border of gold or coloured silks. White satin slippers, trimmed with brown foil or gold, gloves of French kid opera fan of white crape, decorated with a border of jessamine.

Promenade dress.

A round high frock of fine French cambric, or the most delicate plain muslin, trimmed at the feet, wrists and throat, with a fine vandyke lace; the bosom formed in alternate stripes footing lace and needle work. A Tyrolese cloak of shaded lilac sarsnet, edged with Venetian binding, and terminated with a trimming of broad white lace, put on full. A double frill of the same round the throat, clasp-

ed in front with silver or cut steel. The hair dressed in the grecian style. A veil *a la Maltese*, of a most transparent texture, edged in rich vandyke, is thrown with simple elegance over the whole, softening the countenance which it partially displays. Sometimes the head is covered with a small French cap of silk, the same as the cloak, or of well contrasted colour. Parasol to correspond with the cloak, with deep white Chinese awning. Slippers of the same, or of lemon colour. Kid Gloves, Limerick or York tan.

VARIETY.

Anecdote for the credulous.

In the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres for the year 1718, we are gravely told, that Adam was 122 feet 9 inches high, and Eve 118 Feet 9 inches; that Noah was 20 feet shorter than Adam, and that Abraham was no more than 27 Feet high. Moses was reduced to 13 Feet, Hercules to 10, Alexander the great to 6, and Julius Cæsar to 5.

The following story is related of a gentleman who had no nose :— As he was walking the street one day, a beggar-woman followed him, saying, God preserve your eye-sight, sir! Why so, good woman? said he. Because sir, re-

plied she, if you should grow dim-sighted, your honour would have no place to hang your spectacles on!

A young woman who lately proposed herself as a proper person to attend and dress a lady of fashion, being asked for her character, answered, that she *stript* the entire family with whom she was in service.

It has been brilliantly said of an author, who wrote in a polished style, that his thoughts were written with solar beams.

A CANINE MENDICANT.

A venerable sailor, with white locks, has lately made his appearance in London, attended by a large Newfoundland dog. The veteran tar is an eccentric character, but the sagacity of his Canine associate, excites admiration. The dog takes the hat of his master in his mouth, and he implores charity, in the shops of the inhabitants, by the most expressive signs. He bows his head, scrapes his foot off the ground, and looks stedfastly in the face of the persons from whom he expects a donation. If he procures a halfpenny of one friend, he immediately walks to another, and returns to his master with the contributions he has raised.

It frequently happens that this

honest servant meets with hard treatment, and a denial of aid; but his humility upon such occasions, is truly astonishing. Without waiting to trouble the uncharitable, he immediately returns to his master, and walks into another house, where he has a greater chance of success. The docility and discriminating faculty of this dog are the support of the old tar, who drinks, eats, and converses with him as a friend. Their intimacy is of long standing, and the sailor often gratefully declares that the animal has rendered him more services than he ever received from his fellow-men.

A petrified land tortoise, in the highest state of preservation, was lately discovered by some labourers, who were digging in Swanage Rocks, on the island of Purbeck, at the depth of 70 feet.—A clergyman offered 5 guineas for it, which was refused; but after exhibiting it about, the labourers sold it to a gentleman of Upway, for 8 guineas; since which 300*l.* has been offered for it. The mate was subsequently dug up, but it was broken to pieces and spoiled.

Madame Catalini is engaged at the new Covent Garden Theatre for the ensuing season, at a salary of *four thousand pounds*, and a *free benefit*.

Who conceals joys, is formed to invent great joys.

FEMALE PICKPOCKET.

Friday night at the Haymarket theatre, a well dressed footman shewed a lady of the ton into a box which was occupied by a gentleman and two ladies. The stranger, who seemed pregnant, with her arms across her breast, begged to be excused, as the contiguous box, which she had engaged, was occupied through mistake, by a large party of fashion, to whom she had conceded her right. She was politely accommodated, and conversed with one of the ladies upon the incidents, of the piece, but retired upon the approach of the gentleman, and attached herself to the other lady, who seemed very much pleased with her conversation. She now pretended to be ill, and ordered her coach. She had not left the box above twenty minutes, when the ladies wishing to know the hour, looked for their watches, and lo! they were gone. It now occurred to them that the fair imposter had false arms, when the real ones were by no means unemployed. Official research has hitherto been unsuccessful.

A gallant soldier will scorn to meddle with him that is incapable of defence, but rather measure weapons with his enemy before the fight.

Ambition is of such a nature, that to be first in a village, pleases better than the second place in the city.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. I. ell, Mr. William Chambers, of Long-Island, to Miss Mary Woods, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 20th inst. by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. William Longhurst, of the Island of Guernsey, to the amiable Miss Catherine M'Killip, daughter of Capt. John M'Killip, of Shelburne, Nova Scotia.

At Providence, R. I. Abraham Moore, Esq. of Groton to Mrs. Mary Woodham, late of the Boston Theatre.

DIED,

On Tuesday morning, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Sarah Kerr.

On Friday, the 25th of August, Mrs. Jane Spencer, aged 84 years.

At Brattleborough, Vermont, Samuel Stearns, Esq. L. L. D. the most celebrated Astronomer, in the United States. In the course of a long life devoted to literature and science, particularly the sublime studies of Astronomy, Dr S. found every day new motives to admire the wisdom, and adore the power, of the Immortal and Omnipotent Architect of the Universe. He was clearly of opinion with Dr. Young, that An undevout Astronomer is Mad.

In South Carolina, Capt. Thomas Livingston, aged 50, an old revolutionary officer. He entered the army at the age of 16.

At Bath, Mass. Mr. Peter Niles, of Haverhill — Having experienced what he deemed a disappointment in love, he determined to commit suicide, and accordingly arranged his business, made his will, composed a view of his religious principles, accompanied with addresses to his relatives, left orders concerning his funeral, and with great deliberation, retired in the afternoon to the edge of the

woods, where, he imagined, he terminated all his woes by a shot of his gun.

In Ireland, Mrs. Eleanor Guthrie, aged One Hundred and Nineteen. She retained her faculties to the last, and was able to read without spectacles, till within a few days of her death.

In London, Mr. Darley, formerly well known as a vocal performer, at Covent-Garden Theatre, and Vauxhall Garden.

On his passage from Havanna, Mr. William Andrews, son of the rev. Dr. John Andrews, of Philadelphia, in the 24th year of his age.

At Philadelphia, Mr. William M. Biddle.

At Stamford, England, June the 28th, very suddenly, Mr. DANIEL LAMBERT, the Mammoth Man of the age — weighing 739 pounds — 151 heavier than the famous Bright. His coffin was 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, 2 feet 4 inches deep. He measured 3 yards 4 inches round the belly, and 1 yard 1 inch round the leg. His clothes cost him about 20 pounds sterling a suit. Mr. LAMBERT's corpulency had constantly increased, until the clogged machinery of life stood still. He was in his 40th year. He had apartments on the ground floor, for he had long been incapable of ascending stairs. His coffin was placed on two axle-trees and four wheels, and the window and a part of the wall of the room was taken down to allow of its passage — The earth was cut away sloping towards his grave for a considerable distance, and the coffin was moved on wheels to the very place of its final deposit.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 66 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



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For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON PARTING
WITH A DEAR FRIEND.

NO longer now, my dear, my much-
lov'd friend,
Shall we in childhood's playful hours
allay
Those studies, which 'twas hardship to
attend,
And which to us prolong'd the tedi-
ous day.

Soft, artless hours of innocence and
peace!
Our hearts scarce wounded with an
anxious care,
Thought not, that soon our fairest bliss
might cease,
Nor knew that earth was but a dang-
'rous snare!

How fair the prospect show'd to our
weak sight,
Round us we thought the roses thorn-
less grew,
But, like the dazzling meteor of a night,
The nearer seen, more dark and
rough the view!

How oft have we, in gardens, groves,
and bowers,
Rambled till Sol has thrown his last,
last ray,

In friendship's sweet, delightful, tender
hours,
Unmindful of the fast declining day!

Our hearts, our views, our souls, alike
were form'd,
Not govern'd by the friendship of a
day;

But truest love, each tender bosom
warm'd,
And ripen years have brighten'd still
the ray.

How oft have we, in sympathetic love,
Wept o'er each other's woes, and
dropt the tear

For those dear friends, we trust now
reign above,

Dear, much-lov'd friends, we meet no
longer here.

How lov'd, and to our souls most dear
they were,

Yes, mine to you, and yours to me
were dear,

And tho' forever gone, yet shall we dare
To shed one harsh or unsubmitive
tear?

Oh, may our souls aspiring, rise so high
To those immortal shores, that world
above!

Low at the feet of sovereign grate to lie,
And kiss the rod that's deeply dipt in
love!

And must we, must we part, my Susan
dear!

Must we no more in friendship's
council meet?

Even now, affection drops the gentle
tear,

At losing one with tenderness replete!

But what, my dear, can e'er our hearts
divide?

The gay metropolis shall strive in
vain,

Tho' distant, are our hearts so close al-
lied,

That we must share each other's joy
and pain!

With what transporting pleasure have
we dwelt
On friendship pure, immortal, and
sublime !
The rapturous theme, our hearts with
ardor felt,
And rais'd our souls above the things
of time !

Tho' separated far, yet still my dear,
My heart will anxious for my Susan
feel ;
Will beat with joy, your happiness to
hear,
Or mourn the sorrow which I cannot
heal.

Altho' this world is short-liv'd, chang-
ing, vain,
May Heaven our ardent wish in mer-
cy meet,
Grant we may view the pleasant hours
again,
Of friendly love, and social converse
sweet.

Soon, soon will death dissolve the dear-
est ties
That bind us to this fascinating
earth ;
Oh, may we then to heaven's pure
throne arise,
And claim the honors of celestial
birth !

If friendship for our God, supreme shall
reign,
In these polluted, sinful hearts of
ours,
We then shall meet, nor fear to part
again,
But join the praise of heaven's eter-
nal powers !

And those dear saints, who've led the
painful road,
We there shall meet, in robes of glo-
rious light,
Tho' wanderers once, they've now re-
turn'd to God,

And we, like them, shall view with
strengthen'd sight !

EVELINA.

PARODY.

"I no remember well a Midshipman,
In cockpit's gloom he mess'd, whom
late I view'd
Inskreen'd in birth made up of dirty
hammocks,
Cobbling a coat. Desponding were his
looks ;
Promotion long deferred had sour'd his
phiz. —
An empty bottle, on a greasy table,
stood before him,
Wherein was stuck a candle end,
Which glimmer'd round a solitary ray.
The pending shelf was garnish'd out
with junk,
State biscuit, and some fragments of a
pipe ;
Bowditch, Ephemeris, with
Scatter'd day's works, and taylor's bill
unpaid,
Made up the scene. —
Noting this misery to myself, I said,
And if the Commodore had a spare
command,
And wish'd to make a son of Neptune
happy,
He here might find an object worthy of
it.

JUVENUS.

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of an hundred eyes ;
Sure greater praise to her is due,
Who looks an hundred ways with two.

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